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Our Love

BY GEORGINA H. THOMSON.

He said, "Our love is like a flame,
A mounting flame that whitely burns.
Intense and fierce it seeks the gold,
And all the dross it swiftly spurns."
But, ah! a flame as swiftly dies,
And all our love in ashes lies!

He said, "Our love is like a flower,
A lily or a velvet rose
That from a close and hidden bud
To radiance and perfection grows."
But, ah! a flower as swiftly dies,
And love like withered petals lies!

He said, "Our love is like a sea,
A sea where waves of passion sweep,
And pearls in iridescent caves
Still unexpired, lie hidden deep."
Ah, yes, for naught can change the sea,
And love is for eternity.

THE PERFECT PARENT

(A registered offspring in good standing.)

BY C. W. CLEMENT

The relation of parent to offspring has been in existence for some time. Many theories as to its origin have been propounded; there have even been statements published that the child is the father of the man, which seems to be no idle jest. There is also a sect which holds that an amoeba was the original parent, and that the living world is a descent from the first crop of amebulae. It may be so. The fact remains that the relationship has existed a long time, as can be historically proven back to the time of the Egyptians, or the caves of Altimira. The Egyptians had children. The little brats came along, made another mouth to feed, another source of worry and agitation in the household, another cause of exasperation to the Old Man. The ancient Greeks had children, so have the Chinese, and probably so have some of the readers of this, though being Varsity graduates, they may not all be glad of that. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

With this perspective to chasten his arrogance, it is a bold man that will claim we are the heir of all the ages. Are we men, great in wisdom handed down from father to son, who have realized the great visions of the past and shaped ourselves vaster ones on the firmer basis of our more perfect present? Plato and Aristotle are legends, their teachings are historical and literary curiosities. The good that men have done is stored in books, and the world wags on not one iota the better for what has gone before. We have not even learned to keep sound minds in sound bodies. It is a spirited phrase, the heir of all the ages, but if it has any meaning at all, it means, not an heritage chiselled by time and many a sharp lesson into a splendid structure, but rather a tower of Babel to commemorate our recurring follies. Parents beget children who beget trouble; and the trouble they make as children is as nothing to the heartaches they cause before they, too, become parents. At the time they need guidance the most, they

want it the least, which is a sad state of affairs, but not altogether irremediable were our parents the founts of wisdom they should be and we used to think they were.

It is certainly time, therefore, for all good offspring to take a firm stand, and, in the face of all the moans of all the parents at the degeneration of the Youth of the land, to demand perfect parents. There have been at least a hundred thousand years for parents to perfect themselves. Have they taken advantage of it? No. Far from perfecting themselves, they have shrunk from their task and let their little brats run wild, and with a grin of pain on their faces explain they have adopted the new theory of education, to develop more fully little Roscoe's personality. Guff. In the interests of the parents' peace of mind and the offsprings' well-being, it is time that children formed a union to propagate perfection amongst parents.

In the first place there is no sense in the world unless we put it there; and, *a fortiori*, there is no sense in children unless it is put there. The sense that is, or should be, imparted is of two types; that calculated to form the mind, and that calculated to form the character. Parents, quite rightly, delegate their authority in the matter of intellectual training to the schools; and discharge their obligations as to the character of their child by giving him collection and sending him off to Sunday School. It is this shrinking from their most important duty towards their children that has resulted in the conditions they deplore so much.

To remedy such a state we must first of all consider the conditions under which a child is to live. He will move in an atmosphere of skepticism, particularly towards religion, and with companions whose idea of spare time well spent is to make hey-hey. The present university student, when he was a child, received the usual Sunday School education in morals, heard

God mentioned in his home at times, no doubt, though probably in connections he didn't quite comprehend at that time, and went forth from his mother's side with a fairly well-defined sense that if he broke the Ten Commandments he would catch hell when he did. Ancillary to this moral conception, in some cases, was a certain lurking doubt as to the wisdom of making whoopee.

The result is this. The sophistry of his companions and the intellectual skepticism engendered by many university courses breaks down his belief in God. He becomes able to justify himself in any line of conduct, because the Christian religion breaks down without the sanction of its figurehead. There is only the law to stop him from vice and crime, and the law is a poor thing to set as the judge of one's morals. The student goes in for the popular university pastimes, and there is another sound of sorrow in the land, and another curse heaped on our educational system.

It is the parent's own fault. There are rules of morality necessary to the proper working of society, and these rules exist regardless of religion. Belief in God is as likely to break down as belief in Santa Claus, and with it goes belief in the devil. It is when children are young and impressible that a system of ethics can be sufficiently ingrained to stand the ravages of experience. There, at least, is something tangible and reasonable, and capable of proof, so that doubt cannot rot it away. With such a background the child can go forth and meet its own problems with some reasonable chance of success. It is precisely that time that causes most parents their greatest anxiety. A mother, because she has taken the trouble to bring into the world a beautiful daughter, assumes that she has the talent necessary to direct that daughter's life. She has not, nor the right. But she has the duty to build a moral foundation that will check youth's folly, and turn present experience into future wisdom.

But then, what are we to do with our spare time, if not to see how close we can

get to fire without being burned? The answer to that also is in the voice of the home. Nowhere, not even in university is a youth taught a reasonable philosophy by which to live. He is not taught the relation of things and which are important and the measure of their importance. All this is obvious at university, where the first taste of freedom acts as the touchstone to the nature. Some become sport addicts, some book-worms, some drink addicts. It is in the home that the maxim of *mens sana in corpore sano* can be most easily taught; it is there that he can most readily learn the savor of a gentleman's spare hours. And when his academic career is ended, his spare hours will savor of the gentleman and scholar.

There are few things that are not evanescent. It seems remarkable that they could not be taught as they are themselves rather than be left to be deduced by each newcomer from the mass of particular examples constituting his experience. And most of these things that do not change relate to life and the way to live it. Our parents earn their and our bread by the sweat of their brows for eight or ten hours a day, but for six hours they are their own men. Eight hours is enough for Moloch and the money markets—but it takes a good citizen to be able to leave these behind when he reaches home, or leaving them behind, to use those six hours in a gracious manner. It requires a great philosophy to live a kindly life at home. It is there that life originates, though, and it is passing strange its value has been so neglected.

And yet, after all, the parents we condemn are also children, and often so very child-like or childish even in parenthood that we must feel akin to them and excuse their failure in their duty to us—pre-occupied as they are with the myriad interests of modern life. If in our efforts to attain perfect parents we ourselves acquire that perfection, we shall have succeeded in our mission by providing perfect parents for our offspring—enviable offspring!—whose highest endeavors shall be aroused by wise guidance without coercion.

NOT THE GHOST OF A DEAD MAN

BY KENNETH W. CONIBEAR

After the nature of unenlightened peoples, the Indians of this country are, as a rule, very superstitious. They have in circulation among themselves some highly imaginative ghost stories; but so great is their fear of being laughed at that it is only by the rarest chance that a member of the white race hears one. From this condition it is arguable that any tale involving supernatural agencies that they tell freely must be based on sufficient fact to give them confidence to relate it. Such a claim to verity has the following little story, which I was told, not without apparently false protestations as to his own incredulity, by a typical native of the MacKenzie River district.

* * * *

It happened once during the winter an indefinitely long time ago that a number of Indian hunters were on their way to Fort Good Hope for their Christmas visit to the settlement. The men had turned aside from the route, and gone hunting caribou, leaving the woman to proceed, with the children and by slow stages, into the Fort. The hunt had been successful, and now the braves were hurrying on to catch up with the other members of the tribe. They were heavily loaded with caribou-meat for the big feast with which the Indian celebrates the white-man's festivals. When they reached the "Big River", where the huge expanse of piled and jumbled ice was swept daily by winds that formed tremendous drifts out of the snow and completely obliterated any trails almost as fast as they were made, travelling became a very slow and difficult matter. The little band of trappers must have presented a gay scene as they drove their dog-teams along the margin of the great river. They displayed on their shoulders, hands, and feet all the various colors which can be found in silk, wool, beads, and stained porcupine quills. Their dogs had coats whose purpose was rather orna-

mental than utilitarian and whose bells and silk-and-bead-worked flowers relieved the monotonous silence of the frozen atmosphere and the dull gloom of the Arctic day.

But there was one exception. One young man had no gleaming coats on his dogs, no tinkling bells on their harness, no silk threads or glittering porcupine-quills on his moccasins or gloves. He had just bought his dogs before leaving for the hunt and had had no money over with which to buy bells; but his catch had been good, and he would be able to get some as soon as they reached the Fort. He had no squaw to sew and to stitch for him; but surely now that he had proved himself a good hunter there would be many young women anxious to show him their skill with the needle and the dyes. Now, however, he had to be content with all dark clothes; his capote was of grey-haired deer skin, trimmed with the brown fur of the wolverine; his moccasins were plain brown and unadorned, such ones as the squaws make in the summer, when the Indian is poor, to sell to the white trader; his breeches were of the same material as the capote, and his coarse black stockings did not have even the usual woollen tassel on the strings that kept them up.

Having taken his turn at breaking trail at the head of the line this man fell back with his team to the rear end of the string of dog-trains. It was to be expected that his dogs would be tired after the heavy work of breaking trail; but there at the back, the freshly packed track of the sleighs should have made the pulling easy. His comrades were therefore surprised when he seemed to have difficulty in keeping up with the rest of the party. They watched him closely as he fell gradually farther and farther behind them; and this, my friend told me, is what they saw:

Finding that he was becoming separated from his fellows the young man started to

thrash his dogs, to make them go faster. Now nature and custom have together made the Indians of the North very cruel to their dogs; it is not uncommon for an Indian to beat a dog, helplessly fastened in harness, till the creature is unable to walk, and then to leave it powerless to move by the side of the road to freeze to death. But the manner in which this man now treated his dogs was so cruel that even the Indians shuddered as they watched the team writhing, snake-like, on the white expanse of snow, and heard the pitiful cries of the beasts coming eerily through the distance. Some time they stopped that he might have an opportunity to catch up with them; and as they watched him they could not help noticing that the dogs seemed to have a fear of him which was quite unusual. Most dogs driven by Indians are so used to punishment and realize so thoroughly the uselessness of trying to avoid the whip that, after the sting of the first few strokes, they remain motionless until their chastisement is over. But it was not so with these; they dashed madly, frantically, as far away from him as their harness would let them go, and howls burst from their throats long before his whip touched them. The heavily-laden toboggan was drawn all over in jerks; sometimes on its side, sometimes upright, once even completely overturned, hither and thither, now off, now on the trail. The dogs were displaying abnormal strength in their efforts to avoid their master; finally they all got pulling the same way for a moment, and in an in-

stant were racing down the trail towards the others, with their cursing owner vainly trying to overtake them.

Laughing heartily at the spectacle the Indians again seized their whips and drove on. They rounded a bend in the river suddenly, before the man they had waited for had time to catch up. It was long before the first dog of his team appeared around the point; then they all came into view rapidly, trotting along as though they had forgotten about their misfortunes. For a moment nothing was seen of the driver. The Indians laughed because they thought that he had not yet overtaken his team. But as they laughed, a figure suddenly became visible to them behind the sleigh, against a dark background of green spruce trees. It was all in white, so that it could be seen against the snow only when they knew it was there. There was no mistaking the figure; it was that of the young man who had been dressed all in black.

The Indians were very curious when he came up to them, but were afraid to ask him what had happened. It was only when they made camp that night that one of the band dared to make some remark about the change in the color of his clothes. But it appeared that the man in question had no recollection of what had happened, and could in no way clear up the mystery.

It was perhaps with feelings of relief that the hunters found him dead in his blankets the next morning.

MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN HORTICULTURE

by D. M. RAMSAY

There are fashions in gardening as in everything else, and during recent years tender hot-house plants have been neglected for the outdoor garden with its alpines, herbaceous plants, shrubs and trees. This became even more marked after the war. And consequently the present day quest for new plants lies mainly in temperate countries.

The British not only foster the desires for good plants but do more to search for and obtain them than any other country. Collectors are actually at work even now in China in spite of all the plants we have; the cost being borne by a band of enthusiastic plant lovers instead of by commercial seed houses as was formerly the case. These keen and provident amateurs thus render no small service to horticulture.

During the recent century the great field of exploration has been in Tibet, through China up into Siberia and from this section has come perhaps more plant material than from almost all the rest of the world. The flora of this district is wonderfully rich, due to its central location in the continent and to its having been a refuge for numerous very old genera and species.

In the great work of exploration, Englishmen have been very prominent. Following the work of the French missionaries Delavay, Farges and David, and our fellow countryman, A. Henry, we have lately such familiar names as E. H. Wilson, G. Forrest, W. Purdom, Reginald Farrer and F. Kingdon Ward.

Forrest well describes the general aspect of the southern part of the region when he writes:

"Nowhere in Yunnan, not even in the more prolific regions of the north-west is there such a display of bloom during the months of April and May. Forests of tree rhododendrons comprising fully a dozen of the finer species, are flanked

and banked by moors and meadows which are literally carpeted by masses of dwarf cushion-species bearing flowers of every imaginable shade, from the deepest purple to the palest lilac. The cream of the flora is, however, on the alpine pastures and the many enormous screens which lie from 14,000 feet to the limit of vegetation. There is seen a wealth of flowers, possibly equalled but nowhere surpassed in all the regions of Yunnan hitherto explored."

With this mass of material from the East it is not surprising that attention has turned to other parts, and the Andes of Chile and Argentine are being explored at the moment. Here the flora is not nearly so rich as that of China, and novelties in the way of large showy plants are hardly to be expected. A. B. Goethe was sent out to this region in 1923, followed by Comber, of the Edinburgh Botanical Garden in 1925. Many interesting small shrubs were found and so good were the prospects that Comber has been sent out a second time.

To turn now to the gain to horticulture, we should note in passing that many of these introductions hold great possibilities for Alberta, coming as some of them do from a land with a climate as extreme as ours. This one factor is perhaps the greatest drawback to horticulture here, so few plants will survive our winters. Nor must we forget the rather short growing season, some 120 days, a third of the year.

To mention a few of the individual plants, there is, first, the genus *Meconopsis*, or the Tibetan poppies. Several of the Himalayan species have been known for some time but they have been added to by such species as the bright blue *M. Pratii* and the paler *M. Quintuplinervia*. *M. Integrifolia* is a yellow species, and the most recent acquisition is the beautiful

pale blue *M. Baileyi*, which flowered for the first time in England in 1926, introduced by Kingdon Ward from Tibet.

In no group of plants have there been so many introductions as in the *Primulas*, practically all of which have come from the border region between the Himalayas and China. An exception is *P. Juliae*, which is a native of the Caucasus, and though only introduced in 1910, is widely cultivated now. These new *primulas* are of every conceivable type from those with queer pointed heads of purple flowers and red bracts to extremely fragrant forms with violet bell-like flowers. A fine exhibit of these new forms was shown at a recent Chelsea Show.

Mention too, must be made of the lilies, for they can be used in various parts of the garden and especially amongst shrubs. Among the best is *L. Cernuum*, a native of Korea and Manchuria, introduced into a nursery in Petrograd and thence to England; it is a beautiful fragrant species with grass-like leaves, deep lilac pink

flowers, spotted with dark purple. The most useful of the nevelties, however is, *L. myriophyllum*, the Regal lily, which is absolutely hardy. It is a native of Szchwan and the sheets of its white rose flushed flowers, are said to transform desert areas into a garden of beauty and fragrance. It is delightfully perfumed, reminding one of the Jasmine and lacking the heavy oppressive odor of most lilies. *L. Sargentiae* is another fine species allied to the last but flowering later and with broader leaves.

A reference to forest trees must be made. A whole series of new broad leaved trees and conifers are growing up in many gardens and as in other groups, the majority come from Eastern Asia. America still contributes useful additions, and Chile is noteworthy in having provided us with several of the Antarctic Beeches.

The above brief outline gives some idea of the results which have already accrued from botanical exploration but the full harvest for horticulture is yet to come.

A DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTIONAL RESEARCH

By G. D. MISENER

Since to be an alumnus implies that one is either potentially or actually an educator, no doubt many of the readers have had the experience of being invited to make comments on some piece of work that Johnny has done at school. Whether the Johnny be your own or someone else's, I think that you will admit that the situation makes a problem. Again, if by chance you have been so signally honored by the public as to be given a class to direct, or have actually attained such heights as to direct other teachers, the same old problem continually presents itself, that of finding standards by which to evaluate the materials produced.

One method of doing this is to pose as an authority, to ask essay questions, and to pass final judgment on them yourself, thus leaving the matter beyond dispute. This works with pupils, who by nature of their position must accept the judgments of their preceptors with, perhaps, some secret mental reservations. Unfortunately when these appraisals are extended to certain rather individualistic members of the teaching profession, the authority is lucky to emerge with anything better than an inferiority complex.

Another method is to use standard tests. These, about in proportion to the drudgery which has been expended in preparing

them, are relatively high in three potent qualities; Objectivity — their directions are so clear that the way-faring man, though fool, shall not err therein; and this applies whether one be presenting them, attempting them, or scoring them. Reliability — split forms (alternate items of the same test), or parallel forms of the same test will give the same results when testing the same group at approximately the same time; i.e., they are consistent in measuring that which they measure. Validity — they measure that which they purport to measure; a silent reading test measures silent reading ability, etc.

But after going to all the pains to procure these tests, which are often quite expensive, one has masses of results which are difficult to compare, and hard to interpret. The subjects examined are found to compare favorably or adversely, as the case may be, with those of the same age or grade in distant cities, usually located in the great republic to the south. There is no easy way of combining the results of any two scholastic achievements in the same terms. It is true that examination results are often added and averaged indiscriminately. This is like saying that there is an average of ten tables, chairs, and pictures in each room of a house which goes to show that the house is well furnished.

There have been established in several American cities bureaus of educational research, which prepare tests and interpret them locally in terms of a standard score. The Detroit Board of Education maintains one of the oldest and most advanced of these bureaus. A booklet issued annually to the teachers of Detroit by this Department of Instructional Research contains instructions for giving, scoring, and tabulating all general tests, and has on its cover the direction: "Preserve this booklet for future tests. Destroy all previous issues".

I can best illustrate the advantages of a system of this sort by explaining how a survey of an Edmonton public school was recently made with materials supplied by the courtesy of this bureau. The staff hav-

ing agreed to the experiment, the principal administered the tests in his supervision periods, and the teachers scored the results, following the directions given. The general procedure in testing a grade VI class in composition will serve to illustrate the method.

The principal was handed a list of fourteen suitable topics to the teacher, directing her to write any ten of these on the blackboard. The matter of putting a cross on the composition after the last word written whenever the examiner said, "Mark", was explained to the class. They were then directed to read out loud all the topics, each to choose the one on which he wished to write. They were allowed to copy the title chosen, and then take from two to three minutes to think over what they were to write. Then they were told to begin, and at the end of the first, second, and third minutes were told to mark. At the end of fifteen minutes they were told to stop. After they had been allowed to count the number of words in the three intervals marked, and make an entry at the top of the sheet, for instance 15—17—12, the sheets were collected. In the above score the median interval is a rate of 15 words per minute. The teacher would circle the 15 for future reference.

The teacher then arranged the compositions, first roughly, and then as accurately as possible, in order of merit; finally numbering them from 1 to 41. Then numbers 1, 2, 21, 22, 40, and 41 were taken out and a committee of three, including the two grade VI teachers and the principal, rated the six samples on the Trabue composition scale. To the uninitiated I may say that this scale, representing thousands of judgments and the most painstaking preparation, is simply a printed series of composition specimens increasing in merit by approximately equal units, and might be compared to a foot rule for measuring composition samples. After the limits of the quality score had thus been determined, the teacher scored the remaining compositions herself, using the scale, and keeping within the limits.

The next step was to determine the point

score of the class by tabulating the scores on a composition record sheet, a duplicate of which is returned the Bureau for its records. This sheet makes an allowance for five groups and one finds the minimum rate and quality score for grade VI composition defined for each of the five: very superior, superior, average, inferior, and poor. It was quite simple to tabulate the number of compositions in each group and a percentage table was furnished by which the percentage of the class falling in each group was readily determined. This percentage was multiplied by a given coefficient for each group to determine the point score of the class. The coefficient for the lowest group was zero, and for the highest, ten. Thus, this sheet represents a normal frequency distribution of composition merit in grade VI; the percentage of a class falling in each interval is readily determined, and the score is assigned in accordance with the position of the class on a normal surface of frequency, which represents the tests of thousands of children at that stage of development.

The last and most interesting step is to refer to the tables in the book of instructions and find the achievement rating of the class from the point score. These tables might be compared to those in the little book which an insurance agent produces when, after he has tactfully inquired your age, he quotes the premiums on certain very desirable policies. A point score is shown for every month of the school term for each grade. The achievement rating is on the basis of 100 par.

After various standard tests had been given in the fall term in five fundamental subjects of instruction, and rated in this manner, the weaknesses of individuals and classes were apparent. It was found that in the distribution of pupils some of the teachers had had a little better luck than others for that particular year.

At the end of six months, the same or parallel tests were repeated. The old tests which had been filed away were again consulted. Sufficient papers were discarded from both the new and old tests, so that the personnel of the group taken into account was exactly the same in both

instances. Then a tabulation was made of both tests. An achievement rating of 100 in each case would not only show that the class was normal at both periods, but would also show that the class had made normal growth, which would also be rated at 100. That is, a growth rating of 100 would show that the class had made normal progress under the instruction given in a subject over a period of six months. If, however, the achievement rating varied in the interval, as was frequently the case, by reference to a table for determining growth ratings, it could be clearly shown that some factor had either accelerated or retarded the normal progress of the class.

Since the all-important factor in scholastic growth is the direction of the teacher, the growth rating is a practical rating of the merits of the work done by each teacher in each subject. And, since each test receives exactly the same statistical treatment — the principle underlying the rating being a reference to the normal surface of frequency, it is legitimate to average achievement ratings or growth ratings thus determined in the various subjects, and to employ these results as tangible evidence of the work accomplished.

At the close of the experiment a summary of results was made which covered the five subjects tested in thirteen classes of various grades. While the achievement ratings varied through the entire range from 50 to 150, the mean achievement rating of this Edmonton school, as measured by Detroit standards, was 100 in the fall and 111 in the spring. The growth ratings of classes for the period of six months instruction, varied from 75 to 150 in the different subjects tested; but the mean growth rating of all classes in the five subjects was 114.

Thus it is possible for a department of instructional research to place at the disposal of educators the means whereby any individual, class, or teacher can be rated according to some standard score, at any time of the school year, in any subject of instruction; and an index number can be determined which is a true criterion of merit in each case.

THE CANADIAN WHEAT POOL

BY W. B. HERBERT

The stirring oratory of an American Jew,—and a lawyer at that!—has had a deep and lasting influence upon the lives and fortunes of Western Canadian farmers. The statement does sound somewhat colorful and fantastic. But it's true. In 1923 Aaron Sapiro came to Alberta, made his magnificent appeal to our farmers, acted as counsel while we pieced together the framework of the Alberta Wheat Pool, was paid his professional fee, returned to Chicago and passed from the scene. He held the centre of the stage; stood in the glare of the public spotlight. But interest is no longer centred in him. He was merely a ship that passed in the night. The able American Jew lawyer left the Canadian farmer, and as he stepped into his train he gave his final challenging message—"If you want a Wheat Pool, go out and get it!" That was in nineteen twenty-three. When our finest wheat was selling for less than ninety cents a bushel. When our farms were being abandoned by the score. When the outlook seemed hopeless for our grain producers. They were despairing; "fed-up" with the struggle to secure a fair price and a satisfactory system of marketing. For thirty years they had fought and quarreled and battled with the middlemen; thirteen inquiries by Royal Commissions had looked into their troubles and complaints; but the wheat market continued its pitiless downward course.

Five years later we are in a position to examine this Wheat Pool business and make generalizations which are based on proven facts.

The wheat growers of Western Canada have "put over" the most phenomenal achievement in the history of agriculture. In their coordinated Wheat Pools they have banded together 140,000 farmers so that the grain produced on fifteen million acres is turned over to their own sales manager to be fed in an orderly manner

to the hungry markets of the world. Of last year's crop in Canada, 210,000,000 bushels of wheat and 16,000,000 bushels of coarse grains passed through the hands of the Central Selling Agency of the three provincial Pools. In the first five years of operation the Canadian Wheat Pool sold 720,000,000 bushels of grain for its members!

The Pools now own and operate 1,400 country elevators and are building hundreds more each year. They operate eleven giant terminal elevators on Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast. The Saskatchewan Wheat Pool has just opened the world's largest and fastest elevator at Fort William, a plant with a storage capacity of 6,900,000 bushels. In Vancouver the Wheat Pool has just opened the finest concrete grain elevator on the Pacific Coast. The cash value of the elevators and other physical assets of the Pools exceeds \$15,000,000.00, and every cent of this huge investment belongs to Wheat Pool members. How do they do it? The answer is simplicity itself. Every time a pool member delivers a bushel of wheat to his company he assigns, from the price which he receives, two cents to an elevator fund. With every hundred million bushels delivered the fund is boosted two million dollars. It's just a matter of getting together with a common objective in view. Each member's account is credited with the amount which he contributes, and some years hence his investment will be refunded to him in cash, on a revolving yearly plan. In the meantime he is receiving six per cent. interest upon his share of the fund.

City folks should be forgiven when they label the farmer as a good-natured ignoramus, lacking in business ability and destitute of ambition. City folks just don't know the facts. They are so busy campaigning for bigger and noisier street cars and hotter and less odoriferous incinerat-

ors that they haven't time to study the carryings on of "the poor farmer". Consequently they are shocked and incredulous when they hear that last year the farmers' Wheat Pool in Canada did a gross business turnover of more than a million dollars a day for every working day in the year. It sounds somewhat extravagant to state that this farmer company does a greater dollar-and-cents business than either of our transcontinental railway lines. But it is a fact. The organization is mammoth. It has a permanent staff of more than three thousand employees, it has agents in every wheat consuming country in the world, it ships grain to sixty foreign ports. And, — wonder of wonders! — everyone of its directors is a real dirt-farmer! No bankers, no lawyers, no "business men" are found on the boards of directors of this giant commercial enterprize which holds its own with the world's best. Of course, professional advice is constantly sought from the Company's solicitors and financiers and salesmen and accountants. But the general policies are decided and worked out by farmer-directors. These directors are non-salaried servants and are elected by the Pool members.

The aim of the Canadian Wheat Pool is simple:—to market its own wheat with a minimum of overhead cost, and to return to the grower every possible cent realized from the sale of his grain. Each member

receives the same price for his particular grade of grain, regardless of when he delivered it or when it is sold. It is an ironing-out process which guarantees a fair yearly average price to every member.

A certain amount of dispute and disagreement has developed between the Wheat Pool and the old established grain dealers. Quite naturally. The Grain Trade seeks to weaken the Pool's position by claiming that the non-Pool average prices are higher than the prices returned by the Pool to its members. Many miles of figures have been quoted on each side of the price controversy, but it is generally admitted now by unbiased students of the subject that the Pool member does receive a higher price for his product than does the average farmer who sells on the open market.

The Pool's physical property is great, and the price advantage of pooling is said to be considerable; but, in the opinion of Pool officials, these are not the organization's most valued assets. Beyond evaluation is the intangible asset, the splendid good-will and loyalty and confidence and co-operation of the 140,000 members.

The Canadian Wheat Pool may not be the ultimate solution of the vexing problem of marketing, but it is by far the most popular and most successful forward step that farmers have ever made, and its present healthy condition and daily growth augur well for its future development.



Saskatchewan Pool Elevator No. 7, Port Arthur
World's Largest. Capacity 7,000,000 bushels.



Steamer taking Cargo of Pool Wheat

THE MONOCLE

Editor's Note. — The writer of this column, until either Time or Awful Retribution removes him, will continue to contribute to The Trail. He is an excessively young man of singularly poor qualifications. The Editor has granted him this privilege solely in the hope that the Retribution may be swifter and the more Awful.

* * *

The Editor promised to write us an introductory notice to get us properly started. We have not yet seen it, but knowing the high esteem in which our works are generally held, we can safely assume that his foreword will be somewhat laudatory. We ask you to discount his praise, because there is always the possibility, however remote, that his personal admiration for us might induce him to become unrestrainedly and uncritically enthusiastic.

* * *

To begin with, it must be definitely understood that we are not to be influenced by any out-worn precepts of impartiality. We fail to concede two sides to any question. We know that our side is not merely the right, but the only, side. If your side is different, get a column and tell us about it. More things are wrought by prejudice than this world dreams of. We have only one eye, we wear a monocle, and we wear it with that exasperating air.

* * *

In fact, if we were disposed, we could prove to you quite readily, from the very pages of history, that prejudice, grim, unshakeable prejudice has been the greatest force for good in the history of mankind. A wild, lusty intolerance will blast the strongholds of ignorance while sweet reasonableness wrings her lily-white hands and pauses for fresh breath.

* * *

The true way to reach the truth in a contention is to arouse into debate two burning zealots, hide yourself behind a substantial oak, and listen. It is the principle of the conduct of our law courts, and the finding of ordinary experience. It

appears to have the sanction of both Nature and the British Constitution. Long may militant prejudices breathe their defiance and stalk across our stage! May they often meet, and (we humbly ask) may we be there—to learn!

* * *

Two years ago we promised to write an article for "The Trail" upon "Modern Poetry." We were to explain particularly the mysteries of free verse and *vers libre*. Our work has progressed; we have made the discovery, for example, that the two terms are practically synonymous. In fact, one (we forget which, and our notes are not at hand) is almost the literal translation of the other. We are not yet prepared to lay before you any final dictums (you may prefer dicta), but we have made some experiments.

* * *

I
Just knew
The Chinamen had
Blisters.
Yes,
Blisters on his feet, hard
Blisters.
His face, too ,
Was sad.
In his eyes there lay that faraway
expression
That David wore.
Those eyes!
Green, baleful, burning, terrifying,
green, baleful, burning,
Terrifying.
They squinted.
Perhaps it was because
The Chinaman had
Blisters.

* * *

It is probable that we shall write more Free Verse. Really, it isn't very difficult once you master the intricate rhythmic patterns and learn to realize the dignity of simple and unequivocal realism.

* * *

We have some theories about University Education, Careers for Women, the League

of Nations and the Meaning of Life. All these will be treated with some considerable care in future issues. No fooling.

* * *

We are holding before our thoughtful eyes the programme for the next formal dance we are to attend. And it stirs in us a feeling of protest against the Modern Mechanization and Systematization of Romance.

* * *

We are to attend a dance on March 1st at nine o'clock. We are to dance eighteen dances. We are to eat our supper at eleven o'clock and we are to stop dancing at exactly one o'clock. We have our programme "filled"; we know just whom we dance with, each dance. We know whether it is a waltz or a fox-trot. We know even the name of the selection. We know just how long it will last, just how many encores the orchestra will provide.

* * *

And if suddenly we should see, sitting alone beneath a soft light, the girl we have been seeking for twenty odd years, we will have to turn sadly away. We will not be able to go over to stammer a clumsy introduction, to sit down and to tell her just how lonely we feel, and how our smiling face belies the sad, lonely, breaking heart within. We shall never be able to see her eyes shine with divine sympathy and hear her soft, low voice tremble as she says, "Go on. I understand. Tell me all about it." We shall never be able to dance half a dance with her and then go out into the magic moonlight to see the night view of the lake from the steps (a view which she has never seen, but always wanted to). Never, never——.

* * *

No, never, because, of course, she won't be sitting there. Her programme will be

filled, too. There will be no room for such sudden spiritual exigencies. Who knows, she may be dancing in the same room, we may be treading occasionally on her transcendent toes, and she may never even see our face.

* * *

Two dances on this card are described as "moonlights." We know all that is implied. At the beginning of the fourth dance (and the eleventh) the lights will be turned low and the violin will play the most exquisite of waltzes, and the thoughts of five hundred people will be expected to conform to disciplined romance. Our conversation is expected to become gentle and subdued, and delicately erotic. Five hundred hearts will be expected simultaneously to fall under the spell of Beauty and Romance.

* * *

Then the cornet blares forth again, the lights are brightened and five hundred people turn seriously to the next phase of this grim business of having a good time.

* * *

We have been very serious this month. But wait until you catch us in our lighter mood.

* * *

We are writing a ballad, which we may occasionally quote in our column. We, however, have written only one stanza so far. Write us if you like it.

Lettie lived in London,
Beside the river Thames;
She fished from dawn to sundown,
Her and her brother James.

* * *

But soft you now, the auto-horn of the fair Ophelia. We must stop. More next issue.

—"I."

CORRESPONDENCE

An Answer to Mr. Willis.

The Editor — The Trail:

In your recent issue of December there appears an article by C. B. Willis on "The Practical Application of Mental Tests". If I may be spared a little space I would like to point out a few reasons for stating, that in my opinion the principal interest of this article lies in its being one more demonstration of the unjustified use some people will make of inadequate evidence in endeavoring to substantiate a theory.

My first objection is to his use of the "information" obtained from an examination of 2,128 Edmonton public school children and his deduction, as to the average mental capacities of the occupational groups to which the fathers of these children respectively belonged. Unskilled labor is allotted an intelligence quotient of 92, farmer 87, semi-skilled labor 96, skilled labor 98, clerical and business 104, professional and upper business 113. Since when, may we enquire, did it become possible, by giving an intelligent test to a limited number of city school children, to definitely establish the average mental capacity of large occupational groups, especially of a group which could have been represented in only very limited numbers, i.e., farmers? The farmer, you will notice, is allowed an average I.Q. of 87, no more and no less, incidentally the lowest of all groups. The absurdity of stating the farmers' intelligence be nine points below that of the group which they themselves employ for farm work, — semi-skilled labor — and with whom they have considerable difficulty due to a frequent lack of intelligent application on the part of the worker — would occur to anyone but a certain type of "scientific" investigator. Mr. Willis's blunt statement that the farmer's mentality is five points below that of even unskilled labor might be a source of deep distress, chagrin, confusion, and humiliation to the class of people who have organized great social, educational

and political movements in Western Canada from which all benefit, who have organized the greatest co-operative marketing organization of all time, and who incidentally control the governmental machinery of this province, if the source of that statement and of that "information" were not appreciated. With that in mind, it's quite all right, we don't mind. The comforting thought obtrudes that it will take more than a "test" of a few children in an obscure city public school to establish the mentality of a great occupational group.

It might have occurred to Mr. Willis, as well, that the intelligence of these children was not altogether due to their fathers being in a certain occupational group — it being commonly believed that a child inherits half of its capacities from its mother as well, who would have come from heaven knows what occupational group. What about it, Mr. Willis?

Mr. Willis states "It is quite evident from these figures that a man's occupation depends very largely on his intelligence and it is quite possible to predict with a high degree of certainty the occupational group into which a boy will enter, by giving him an intelligence test at the age of six years." It is a matter of every day observation that there are dumb-bells and people of high natural intelligence in practically every walk of life. Personal inclination toward a certain occupation which, by the way, is frequently based largely on the opportunities for convenient entry into it, is obviously a greater determining factor in choice of occupation than intelligence — whether it should be or not — and the implication that a certain child, by reason of inherited mental equipment, is predestined to enter a certain occupation, and that any test can pre-determine the success he is likely to make of it, is almost too absurd for comment. If this were true, Mr. Willis would have discovered something which has never previously been discovered, i.e., a standard for mea-

suring an individual's likelihood of success in a certain vocation. Intelligence tests, valuable as they are, should not be expected to perform this function, and a belief in any system of reducing an individual's chances of success to an exact percentage, is, in the writer's opinion, about two degrees removed from a belief in crystal gazing. There are a number of factors besides intelligence which have a bearing. Mr. Willis grudgingly admits that "Industry is an excellent characteristic," but says further that "No amount of industry can bring a child of I.Q. 100, so that he can compete on equal terms, either in school or later life, with the child of I.Q. 130."—Applesauce! Any sensible person with ordinary powers of observation is perfectly aware that the individual possessing aggressiveness and enterprise, along with perseverance and capacity for hard work, coupled with average mental attainments, has a greater chance of success than any intellectual lacking the previous faculties. How discouraging such a predestination theory would be to the Sunday School teachers — if it was so! In any case, the comparative success which **has been** attained by persons of varying intelligence, and a study of the occupations into which they **have** gone, will some day be a better indication of the justice of this use of intelligence tests. Intelligence tests doubtless are and may be a tremendously useful means of determining natural ability and capacity, but the results obtained should not be used in an endeavor to establish something which they do not demonstrate at all — and as for rigidly establishing one's future, leave it to the stars and the palmists.

E. W. PHILLIPS,
School of Agriculture, Olds.

From New Zealand.

Dear Mr. Taylor:

I must ask you once more to change my address for "The Trail," as I have just started a new position. It is in connection

with the Dairy Research Institute at Massey Agricultural College, so I am again in an academic atmosphere.

I stayed in Auckland eleven months, then moved to Wellington (the capital of New Zealand). There I had temporary positions, one of them being that of Assistant Supervisor at the University and Matriculation Examinations, conducted by the University of New Zealand. It is just one week since I arrived in Palmerston North, which is an inland town about 87 miles from Wellington. It is one of the most beautiful towns I have ever seen, with all varieties of flowers and native trees. Along the banks of the Manawatu River is the Esplanade, or Public Gardens, through which a drive a mile long runs, lined with native bush and the most beautiful Madonna and Arum Lilies, roses, hydrangeas, delphinium, and many other kinds of flowers. Just now everything is at its best. After Christmas it is liable to be very dry, and the hot sun parches the growth.

The College itself is situated across the river, about a mile and a half from the Square, and the offices are temporarily in a farmhouse on the border of what was once the Batchelor Place. Experimental work of all kinds is carried on. The surroundings are very beautiful, and there is a lovely garden, so after the noise of the cities it should be easy to work.

The College closes for ten days at Christmas, so I am taking a trip to New Plymouth, on the West Coast of the North Island, to see Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano over 8,000 feet high. I hope to get in some sea bathing there. I can hardly imagine you having 40° below zero, while we are fairly sweltering in the hot sun.

With best wishes both to yourself and the officers of "The Trail",

Yours sincerely,

HELEN S. EDWARDS.
Palmerston North, N.Z.,
c/o Massey Agricultural College,

From India.

Dear Mr. Newson:

So far as I am aware we have never seen each other, yet we have this fellowship that we both belong to the same Alma Mater. I am ashamed to say that I have never, so far, written a word for "The Trail", though I have enjoyed its pages for some years, at rather irregular intervals. I have forwarded by post office money order, eighteen shillings, which I hope will realize for the Association at least \$4.00 or two years' membership.

I was very interested only this week to get a letter from the Registrar announcing the special convocation for the purpose of installing Dr. Wallace, the new President of the University. I fear that it will be very difficult for me now to attend.

Mrs. Young and I have our work now about four hundred miles north-east of Bombay, within the bounds of a small native state. The Rajah of this state probably has a little Rajput blood in his veins, but I imagine that some of it may be of less distinguished origin. However, he is enterprising and very much interested in the good government of his realm — a thing which one does not always find among the rulers of India.

The majority of the subjects of the state are of aboriginal stock. The Aryan Hindus and the Arabian or Persian Mohammedans call them "jungle people" or at times derisively "monkey people." The names are not surprising for they live in and by the jungle. The men folk, in warm weather, have very little clothing—a string around the waist for support, then a piece of rough cotton cloth about eight inches wide passed between the legs, and drawn up through the string back and front, so that a tail hangs down a foot or more each side of the body. In colder weather a cotton cloth is wrapped about the body.

The Bhils have negroid features and curly black hair. The hair is bobbed rather long, often very neatly combed and oiled, and then tied in place bandeau fash-

ion by a piece of dirty ragged cloth, and decorated on one side with the comb.

As, first the Aryans, and then the Mohammedans invaded India, these primitive people were pushed back into the forested hills where they strove for supremacy with the tiger and the panther. Hence we find now a simple people fearful of strangers but very brave before the wild beasts. They will even hunt the tiger with their split bamboo bows and sharp iron-tipped arrows. Such a game cost one man his life only a few miles from our bungalow, only about four months ago.

Once, about last April, the Rajah had been out hunting a panther. He keeps such game for himself and for his guests. He failed to get it, but two Bhils found the panther. One had an old muzzle loader, with which he succeeded in wounding the panther. A wounded panther is a much worse problem than even a wounded tiger. It sprang at him and got him down. His friend sprang to the rescue, caught the animal by the ears, and tried to drag it off his friend. Both men spent some time in the mission dispensary ward at Amkhut, and still remain to tell the tale. The Rajah was easily persuaded that he had wounded the panther on his previous hunt before the one when he really bagged his game.

Dr. John Buchanan, now on furlough in Canada, and for thirty years missionary to these people, says they are like the Scottish clans. They have their blood feuds that go on for years. The bow and arrows are brought out and Death hisses in the air with every shaft. Animal ferocity cannot outdo the temper of these people when they are angered.

It does one from our civilized west good to visit these savages of the east to humble us and make us conscious of the great debt we owe to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

With all good wishes,

Yours for U. of A.,

CHAS. P. YOUNG.

Mendha, Bhabra P.O., Central India,
December 12th, 1928.



THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

A most notable programme for our "21st Anniversary and Reunion of Graduates," is taking shape most rapidly. Class meetings, banquets, dances, athletic events and interesting novelties of entertainment await the graduate who visits Edmonton on May 11th. The Reunion promises to be the banner event in the history of the Alumni Association.

Provision is being made already for at least the following events:

Saturday, May 11th—Annual meeting of the Association, probably a luncheon. Evening—Senior Class activity.

Sunday, May 12th—Afternoon: Recital on the Memorial Organ. Evening: Baccalaureate Service.

Monday, May 13th (Founder's Day)—Morning: Lecture (or free). Afternoon—Pilgrimage with tea at Dr. Rutherford's home. Class reunions at lunch and dinner. Evening free.

Tuesday, May 14th—Morning: Lecture. Class reunions at lunch and during afternoon. Evening: Annual Dance of the Association and Board of Governors in honor of Class '29.

Wednesday, May 15th—Morning: Free. Afternoon: Convocation. Evening: Graduating Class Dance.

It is hoped that each class will be able to hold a reunion, and Edmonton members will be asked to take charge of the arrangements for their own groups. **Alumni who cannot return to the city at this time**

are urged to write a note which can be read at their particular meeting. This may be sent to the Secretary of the Association, if desired.

* * * *

Now, some details regarding arrangements:

In order to secure reduced railway rates at least one hundred members must come by train, paying a minimum fare of one dollar. The Council is hopeful of securing an attendance from outside Edmonton greater than this number but it will be realised **that early notification of one's intentions will be vital to the success of the project.** You are asked therefore, to avail yourself of the card enclosed with this copy and to return it to **reach Edmonton not later than March 21st.** If you will not be staying with friends, indicate that you would like accommodation in the residences, where bed and breakfast will be furnished free to all graduates desiring them, by the generous action of the Board of Governors. You can best show your appreciation of this offer by responding promptly to the above request.

The Dinner on the evening of May 14th, will be an occasion you will long remember. It cannot be definitely stated that Dr. and Mrs. Tory will be present, but they have been invited and are known to be desirous of attending. So that is the function which you will not want to miss. Tickets last year were \$1.25 each and may be reserved by a request on the card enclosed. **POSITIVELY NO TICKETS**

WILL BE SOLD AFTER NOON ON MONDAY, MAY 13th, until everyone is seated; so avoid the embarrassing wait outside. Commissariat arrangements make it necessary to enforce this rule.

No effort will be spared to make your

visit as enjoyable as possible. A Registration Office and Information Bureau will be maintained at a convenient place in the Arts Building. Come early and help to make this first reunion a tremendous success.

THE SECOND DAY

BY HELEN GEDDES

Oh, ancient tales! I question,
What did they
Upon the second day?

Dear need to follow where the lover flies;
Oh ecstasy, to toss the world away—
In strange conditions, under alien skies,
What did they do upon the second day?

The roaring flame is high against the night,
Vengeance unchecked holds unrelenting sway—
But with the coming of the quiet light,
What did they do upon the second day?

Year after year, in triumph come again
The armies pass by the accustomed way;
After the prize, the garland, the acclaim,—
What did they do upon the second day?

The cunning scheme has wrought its destined end,
For bitter craft has worked with none to stay;
Their lust fulfilled, in nothing to amend,
What did they do upon the second day?

The hero comes rejoicing from the strife,
Immortal fame about his fated way;
Love, wealth and power crown a glorious life;
What did he do upon the second day?

In loss, in loneliness, in longing grim,
These chose to keep the faith and not betray;
In all the glory of the straitened choice,—
What did they do upon the second day?

Even as we, the answer.
Happier they
Who had no second day.

HOW COME SO WEARY?

BY H. D. SURPLIS

From time to time it has been our lot as an undergraduate to meet and converse with graduates of Alberta. In each and every case we were impressed by a peculiar trait common to all. There was a stern resoluteness, a majestic solemnity, which awed our boyish mind. What had happened to these men? What mysterious process had set its seal upon their brows? We returned to our studies determined to find and answer. Though our path led through the dark vale of Tuck Shop buns and bicarbonate of soda, we would pursue it to the bitter end.

Appointing ourself a committee of one, we decided to start our investigation by recalling our first impressions of Alberta university. We thought of the day when we first walked with faltering step and bulging suitcase towards the campus. In front of us were students, behind us were students. What if they were sophomores! We trembled as we thought of our little all exposed to the rude view of the mob. The bed sox that Grandma had knitted us—the embroidered bureau scarf—the all too vivid tie we had bought in a brash moment. Heavens! how we regretted our boldness. But on we went. We passed a large brick mausoleum heavy with stone urns. We learned later it was the Medical Building. To us at the moment it looked like a morgue. Would we make the residences in safety? Not so. We were stopped by a coarse youth in a slicker who demanded that we set down our suitcase. We did. There was no clinking sound. We were ordered on our way.

That was our first impression. Others followed in rapid and vivid succession. We did not realize until we were a sophomore just why there is initiation. The sophomores do it from a sense of duty to tradition. Rousing freshmen to inquire as to their pre-somnolescent preparations we found quite as tiresome to the inquirer as to the roused one. We breathed a sigh of relief when initiation was over.

But there were still many things which we must experience, for one, the Saturday night hop. Dressed in our modest best, with shining face and tingling ears, we were ushered into Convocation Hall, where we were to receive our baptism of fire. A kindly lady met us and inquired of us our name. Up to that time we had been merely a number, even a cipher. She led us to a row of what imaginative publicity men call a "bevy of beautiful girls." They were nearly all seniors and very, very earnest. We mumbled something about not having a program and went in search of one. For all we know those co-eds still await our return, wistfully, determinedly. After all, while we are not handsome, there is something nice about our face.

We learned many other things about the House Dances before the year was up. It is useless to try to date freshettes. They are new and very attractive to dashing upper classmen. Next season they will be quite reconciled to dancing with the lesser lights, even thankful at times. In the meantime, just dance with whom you can but never too often with the same co-ed. They have pernicious memories. And never take dances near the end. They lead to Tuck Shop rendezvous. Therein lies destruction.

As we gaze now through the mist of years we recall with sadness the many brave fellows who fell by the wayside, victims of the bun-and-coffee habit. They were just going once, they told us, and waved airily as they went. The once led to twice and the twice to many times. Less and less we saw of them until we learned by roundabout sources that they were addicts, worshippers at the shrine of Java, as it were.

There is something pitiful about the bun-and-coffee addict. He will work of an evening for quite half an hour at his studies. One hopes that just this once he will fight off his terrible desires. But in a little while he is restless, even petulant.

A look comes into his face of one who must be going. There is no gainsaying him. In a little while he is gone. We find him crouched at a little table gnawing greedily at a bun, a look of madness in his eye.

There are, of course, the lads who cannot eat their bun alone. It may be the solitude that gets them; it may be remorse. But they must have a fair one to gladden their debauch. Unhappily they find ample opportunity. Co-eds even invade the coffee houses and flaunt their charms before these helpless lads. The result is always the same. Let bolder spirits speak of the romances here engendered! Let them dilate on the social life of the university! We can only view with genuine apprehension these snares for the unwily. Have we not seen with our own eyes dear companions of our youth lost in the Circe-like charms of some Household Ec student? Have we not seen them, night after night, drooling idly over a roll, dead to Old and New Testament Literature, deaf to the cry of the unsolved calculus! Here is some clue to the brooding cynicism of later years. Hence is a secret source of woe.

True, we are not entirely free from this thing ourself. More and more we fear the habit creeps upon us. We have fought it off bravely, determinedly, but to no avail. How often we have sought to bring to our mind the sweet face of the one at home and how rapidly we forgot her while dallying. we can use no other word, dallying with one of the talkative sex. Much of it was done in the fair cause of investigation, but much of it was sheer weakness. As our Caledonian friend remarked, we have spent a dollar and a half since Christmas and what is there to show for it?

But we must not allow our feelings on the matter to carry us too far. There are other fields of research to be traversed in our quest. What of lectures? Here, truly, are "matters of pith and moment."

As a freshman we really paid attention to lectures. Particularly so in the science courses. But with what result? We passed our tests, doubtless, but so did others who had idly slumbered. Our reward for

answering questions was but to be asked more questions. The thing was a vicious circle. As we advanced in courses we became more and more ready to let the freshmen answer questions. We, too, would slumber with the demi-gods. As a result professors ceased to pat us on the head but they occasionally asked us for a match. Our average remained where it has always been, doubtful.

We have, in the course of this treatise, mentioned social functions. But the really important functions we have not dealt with, the formal dances. What visions are conjured up before us at the word "Prom." The maddened rush for taxis; the tying of endless dress bows only to find that our own looked quite as hopeless after we had tied it; the feverish telephone calls. But when we had entered the hall, no longer Athabaska dining room but a bit of old Holland or the Inferno or whatever other holocaust in design had swept the brain of the Junior executive, how changed the very friends who had greeted us so heartily a few minutes ago! The boiled shirts are still hard, the collars are unwilted. All is pomp and circumstance, for the time. The first dance is solemnity itself. The second is brighter. By the fifth the starch is disappearing and a humane, almost friendly, air has come over everyone. The patronesses are started on their knitting, or whatever they do, and the dance has not yet taken on the aspect of a gruelling marathon.

By the fifteenth round the majority would gladly call it quits but the program calls for eighteen and two extras. So partners are hunted up, harried almost, and the endurance contest continues. The punch gave out an hour before. Seats in the lounge are at a premium. But finally comes the last waltz. The loved ones are escorted to a taxi and only the executive remain to work and curse and curse and work. But 'twas a famous victory.

Of course there have been compensations for our labor. Who can forget long, lazy Saturday afternoon at the Mac? Who can recall without emotion the half-hours when, perched on trunk or bed, we listen-

ed to one with a golden voice strum a uke or guitar? And the wash-room quartettes! Where is its equal? After all there are no days like college days says the old gent in the corner. And we echo, "No, thank God!"

Yet there remains many riddles yet un-

read. Are the engineers as tough as they think they are? Are the literary group as arty as they would have us believe? But the greatest of all riddles still defiant of solution—Where do the medical students get that superiority complex?

A MODERN ANCHORITE

BY H. R. LEAVER

Here I am, my brother, in this shack upon the height,
Where the mountain breezes fan me, and the glacier gleameth bright;
Where the pine tops, swaying softly, beat a requiem sublime,
As the knell of passing shadows, as a church bell's fading chime;
And the wisp of cloud above me, as a spectre of the past
Blown from glorious distant ages, melts into the blue at last.

You are come from eastern empires, where the ruins lie in sand,
And your thoughts are with the ancients, in some old Assyrian land.
Spread your doctrines now before me, sound your tenets in mine ear,
I have heard the ancients lauded, as a people one should cheer.
In the land of the Euphrates, in the wisdom of the East,
Have you seen true human fervor, seen the man come from the beast?
There the monuments are lifted, to the slayer passing wise,
Skilled in flaying human bodies, peeling skins of enemies.
Here we practise graft more finely, skin-games not so coarse as that,
Taking all the wine of labor, from the men who fill the vat.
See this ridge that slopes before me, clothed in Nature's verdant robe,
See the mine that burrows under, where the miners crawl and probe.
There the richness of the mountain, Pluto's blood-stream soon ascends,
Into arteries of commerce, quickly swelling dividends.

Go, my brother, pack your blankets, turn unto the past again,
Where the men were villains wisely, yet the villains worked as men.
Go and delve beneath the ruins, let the hieroglyphics tell
All the stages of creation, e'en from Paradise to Hell.
I have read the ancient sagas, learned their sayings off by rote,
But have gleaned more honest wisdom from the Rocky Mountain goat.
He who crops the present nurture, from the herbage near the spring,
Has no appetite for herbage for a future nuturing.
So I pass contented moments, in my shack upon the height,
Scorning all the city labor, till the world is fashioned right;
Till Millenium comes nearer, I will leave my fellow men,
Tune my mind to mountain precepts, fostered in the mountain glen.

"THE THINKING ATOM"

By W. S.

The recent visit to Calgary of our new Step-father, Dr. Wallace, has renewed the cherished memories of our Alma Mater, and gives us cause to question why older graduates tend to fall away from an Alumni organization, leaving its guidance to younger graduates, so that Daddy Ottewell appears among us almost as a patriarch in his antiquity.

There seem to be three reasons in the main for this subsidence of interest. The first and most formidable of these is the counter-interest of business. And, of course, this is more or less as it should be, so we may safely leave it for a moment to consider the other reasons.

The second disability under which we labor seems to be the lack of acquaintance between the old and the new. '12 and '28 are as foreign to each other as Dane and Hottentot. Naturally, under such circumstances, one cannot expect comradeship. I would like to suggest as a remedy for this a plan which other organizations use effectively. Let each member wear a badge on which has been printed his "Reg'lar Feller" name and his year. This simple device always dispels most of the backwardness in striking up acquaintances with members of the distant years.

In the third place, we may be laboring under some deficiency of interest. This, perhaps, is but the opposite aspect of our first-mentioned difficulty. One has got interested in his business, and Alumni interests are not sufficient to entice him away for even an hour or two a month. If this be the case, we must discover some counter-attraction if we believe that this organization should have a place in our activities.

There are various means which might be, and are, utilized to maintain interest. But does it not seem reasonable that that should meet with the truest success which is most closely identified with the function of a university and our sojourn there—the purpose which Dr. Wallace has designated as learning to think.

It was with this idea in mind that certain members of the Calgary Branch de-

cided a year ago to form themselves into what they called "The Thinking Atom." The dozen or so electrons of this organization foregather once a month at the home of one of their number. One of them has become the proton for the evening, having prepared a short paper upon some subject of interest, preferably original thought. By the reading of this paper he galvanizes the atom into such activity that the electrons continue to revolve about the idea with undiminishing velocity. Discussion proves so interesting that often the counter-attraction of the choicest tid-bits of the culinary art which follow fail to disturb the orbit of thought. Street-cars are forgotten and this gives rise to the wish for a larger degree of automobile transportation for the visiting electrons.

The home atmosphere of these gatherings is a factor which adds enormously to the sociability and freedom of discussion. In order to retain this atmosphere, therefore, the size of the atoms should range from a dozen to a score of electrons. Wives of alumni and husbands of alumnae are quite as eager to participate, so the organization has a special appeal to the married members, most acceptable in this day when our Service Clubs are divided along the lines of sex. So far as we are aware, no experiments have yet been carried out to determine if there is any relation between the radio-activity of this atom and Cupid's invisible shafts.

Thinking Atom No. 1 has functioned for these fourteen months with subjects as diverse as "Ludwig's 'Kaiser Wilhelm'" and "The Age of Machinery," "The Loves of the Poets" and "Comparative Education," "Mussolini" and "Mediocrity," "Abnormal Psychology" and "History of Bookbinding." Interest and enjoyment have continued keen, so that we heartily commend to others the formation of a nucleus for Thinking Atom No. 2, and others. Therein shall we be fulfilling the mission our University was born for and may that not be in itself sufficient reason for an Alumni Association?

ALUMNI NOTES

By this time the 1929 crop of resolutions has been sorely tried and is withering fast; so here is a new one which ought to be easily kept green even by the most nomadic: "I resolve to write at least a card to notify the U. of A. A. A. whenever I change my place of abode." Seriously, folks, it is more than depressing sometimes to see the letters and Trails that come back undelivered. Tell me where you live and you'll get the Trail; and you'll also keep in touch with your Alma Mater, at a time when it will do you both good. One further reason, and I'll get down to brass tacks—five members of the Senate elected by Convocation, of which you are a member, retire on May 20th.

Once again I have a considerable sheaf of notes, and can only say in explanation of their apparent heterogeneity that they are given in the chronological order in which they were obtained. At the last meeting of the Edmonton Branch I saw *F. J.*, '25, and *Mrs. Stewart* (nee *Irene Castor*), '25, and learned that they are now to be found at 10835 126th Street, Edmonton. That same morning, *W. C. Whittaker*, '28, had come into the lab. with two very useful dollar bills, and had answered "Cadomin, Alberta," to my inevitable question. *H. O. Tomlinson*, '24, lately Dr. Kelso's assistant in the Industrial Lab., is in Vancouver (c/o W. H. Hill, Dominion Health Laboratory). His successor is *H. G. Reiber*, '27, from Didsbury. Another new arrival round here is *R. G. Brewer*, '26, who has joined the staff over in the Department of Industrial Research (you know the place where they whale the tar out of the sand and shovel coal just for fun!). *Ken Walker*, '28, and *Norman Lewis*, '25, are presently employed at the Government seed cleaning plant in Edmonton. Chasing little grains of barley round, surely keeps them fit for the weekly "scrub" hockey game! *Helen M. Fisher*, '24, 417 Lister Bldg., Hamilton, Ont., says, "Since leaving Calgary I have taken two years post-graduate work at the University of Toronto, and am now Secretary of the

Big Sister Association here." *Dr. Wm. Berry*, '16, '18, of the of the University of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y., returns the yellow slip quite adequately, but sends no news—so we'll hope it's good!

Their new address is all the information I can give you about the following: *Nelson Chappell*, '27, 132 Goodspeed Hall, University of Chicago; *Eric Hearle*, '25, Kelowna, B.C.; *Mrs. B. D. Bridgeman* (nee *Bessie Gardiner*), '21, '23, Apt. 7, 4520 Georgia Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C.; *F. R. D. Karan*, '24, Suite 3, Loxam Court, 1260 Barclay St., Vancouver; *Percy Sprague*, '27, 705 McLeod Bldg., Edmonton; *J. H. Thom*, '25, Land Titles Office, Edmonton; *Dr. M. E. Krause*, '26 (practising at) Camrose, Alberta; *Beatrice L. Williams*, '28, Prov. School of Agriculture, Olds, Alberta. *Silver Dowding*, '23, '24, The Botany School, Cambridge, England; *Dr. Chas. Smith*, '28, and *Mrs. Smith* (nee *Margaret Russell*), '23, The Pas, Manitoba; *Mrs. Alex. Whitelaw* (nee *Jean Williamson*), '26, 21, Ambassador Court, 612 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.; *Mrs. J. L. Miller* (nee *Winnifred Hyssop*), '12, Lethbridge, Alberta (street number, please!); *John A. McLennan*, '16, '17, Wetaskiwin, Alberta; *D. K. Froman*, '26, '27, 5731 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Illinois; *Dorothy S. Young*, '27, 625 13th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.; *E. Wilkinson*, '27, Fairview, Alberta; *Daisy R. Kellam*, '27, '28, Y. W. C. A., Saskatoon, Sask.; *Dr. J. L. Doughty*, '21, Division of Plant Nutrition, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.; *Alice Joyce*, '26, "B," Annamoe Apartments, Edmonton; *D. J. M. Crawford*, '27, University Hospital; *Janet M. Cook*, '24, Box 136, Barons, Alberta; *L. S. Russell*, '27, 27 William St., N.J., U.S.A.; *R. M. Baker*, '24, 4216 Parkside Ave., Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A.

The name of *F. A. Rudd*, '23, '25, calls for a little applause. He writes from 636 14th St. S., Lethbridge, as follows: "On our (High School) staff here are the following Alberta grads. all going strong: *Dorothy McNicoll*, '26, *Katherine Terrill*,

'21, *Olive Haw*, '25, *Nellie James*, '21, *Arthur Morgan*, '22, *Lorne Good*, '22, and myself. There are some others round the city, such as *Bob Glover*, '24, (39 Victoria Mansions), whom I have met, and I think *Aubs Bright*, '25, '27, is here with the firm of Virtue and Patterson (Is this so? Sec.)." Many thanks, Bert! The Bob Glover referred to also writes enclosing fees (Cheers!), and says: "The strenuous labor of turning an Arts Degree to account in the business world has occupied my mind to the exclusion of almost everything lately."

Clifford Bissett, '25, writes from Capetown, South Africa. ". . . *Roy Stevens*, '15, who was in charge of this post (Can. Trade Commissioner), left for Canada on Aug. 17th. On completion of his tour in February, 1929, he is going down to Lima, Peru, to open an office. In the meantime I shall be getting this post, and on his return shall be transferred. . . . Expected to have *Max Palmer*, '23, out here as Assistant, but find he has been sent to Hamburg (Gutrufhaus, 10 Neuerwall, Hamburg 36, Germany). Capetown is a bit off the map, but is not such a bad place—quite temperate in climate with plenty of sunshine and no winter to speak of. We have a flying club, and I spend most of my spare time crashing into the atmosphere." Sincere congrats. Cliff—don't take the crashing too seriously!

Another Trade Commissioner, *Jack English*, '25, is on the move. He writes from New York: "I am being transferred to Ireland on December 31, 1928, in charge of our office there. My address will be 66 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin, Irish Free State." This, too, looks like a promotion for which a little applause is due. *Wes. Oke*, '26, '27, "reads 'The Trail' with delight" at Grande Prairie, Alberta, where he is "teaching, or allegedly so." The combination of birch and Oke ought to do those youngsters good! *J. Caspar*, '27, received his M.A., from Toronto this year, and is now going in for his Ph.D. at Chicago; his address is 6448 University Ave., Chicago. I ran across *Andy Wilson*, '27, on Jasper Avenue at Christmas time, and learned that he is now practising at Port Alberni, B.C..

E. W. Phillips, '22, is hereby awarded the degree of S. F. (stout fellow!), grounds for this award being that he did furnish the following information: "Still doing business at the Olds School of Agriculture. Recent additions to the staff here are Emily Mayhew, '28, and Bill Gentleman, '25. Both appear to be thriving on the Olds atmosphere." *A. Valentine Baldwin*, '25, is a faithful member, who believes that brevity is the soul of wit, as follows: "Please change my address to 344 Dundurn St., Hamilton, Ont." *A. T. Hunkin*, '28, writes enclosing "the needful" and intimates that he is to be found at 1340 Coventry Ave., Victoria, B.C. *Fred Batson*, '20, visited Edmonton in October last, and was fortunate to see the Saskatchewan rugby game. "Our team," he says, "were apparently better coached than any previous team I happened to see. I have seen several of the large Eastern U.S. colleges play, and believe there is a point about halfway between the games as played in the two countries that would produce a better game, and have the added advantage of being international. . . . I am still general superintendent of the Kittinger Co., and expect to spend some time in Los Angeles, when we start manufacturing there." This mention of athletics reminds me that "*Pal*" *Power*, '28 (10223 115th Street, Edmonton), seems to get as much kick out of bulging the Varsity nets this winter as he used to in defending them. He wears the red, white and blue spangles of the Maple Leafs. Another grad. has joined Mr. Baker's squad of school inspectors in the person of *W. E. Frame*, '22, '28, who is stationed at Coronation, Alberta. *Syd. Bainbridge*, '21 '23 and '28, voices his appreciation of "The Trail" both linguistically and financially from Chipman, Alberta. *Harry F. Hardin*, '25, compounds the pills that cure the ills of the people of Forestburg. The new telephone directory shows a *C. D. Husband*, Dentist, at Red Deer, and *D. H. Begg*, Physician and Surgeon, at Sedgewick. If I am wrong in supposing these to be members of Class '28, please let me know. And surely *N. C. Strilchuk*, Physician and Surgeon, Mundare (same book) graduated in '26?

WANTED—Addresses of the following information, including street number (if possible), will be gladly received by B. Taylor, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Alexander, Miss F. E. '27.

Aufred, V. '22.

Appleton, H. '14.

Atkinson, N. H. '22 '23.

Baker, M. '25.

Barry, Rev. A. '17.

Bell, N. F. '19.

Bell, R. C. '16.

Berkov, A. '15.

Berman, D. '21.

Beveridge, Miss B. '22.

Bickell, Miss J. C. '24.

Bird, H. '15.

Boyd, J. '21.

Broadbridge, Miss R. (Mrs.) A. R. Madsen '24.

Brown, T. '18.

Browlee, Miss E. '23.

Bryden, D. C. '26 '28.

Buchanan, J. E. '14.

Burstein, J. '27.

Bairns, J. M. '25 '27.

Calhoun, Mrs. I. L. '27.

Calhoun, W. P. '27.

Carlisle, J. A. '27.

Chrishof, N. '24.

Coleman, Mrs. E. (nee Chris. Dobry) '21 '22.

Coulter, H. '17.

Crockett, W. M. '17.

Davidson, W. '13.

Davies, J. H. '22.

Densmore, H. L. '26.

Downing, P. '25.

Driscoll, J. R. '25.

Edwards, C. '23.

Edwards, C. A. '26 '28.

Ellis, J. P. '26.

Erdman, Miss Natalie '17.

Evans, R. W. '22.

Ferguson, Miss L. '22.

Fisher, H. '23.

Fleming, Miss F. M. '25.

Forster, H. E. '15.

Fraser, Miss L. M. '21 (now Mrs. Richards)

Fribance, Mrs. H. (nee Edna Carmichael) '16.

Fulton, J. B. '18.

Gaetz, H. R. '21.

Gallay, Miss M. '21.

Garden, Rev. J. H. '28.

Geeson, Rev. J. '16 '20 '22.

Gilbert, V. '17.

Glenn, J. '14 '25.

Gray, Francis '21.

Hall, Miss M. '21.

Hamilton, Rev. G. H. '20.

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 Hibbard, R. '21.
 Holmes, G. H. '15.
 Hope, Miss J. T. '23.
 Husband, Miss L. '21.
 Jampolsky, M. '22.
 Johnson, H. G. '27.
 Johnston, H. C. '22.
 Kask, Miss M. K. '22.
 Keer, C. W. '26.
 Kelley, C. C. '25.
 Kennedy, Miss A. '25.
 Koenig, Miss D. '22.
 Lake, Miss E. '20.
 Legg, C. L. '14.
 LePage, G. F. '22.
 Lowery, Jas. R. '13.
 Lynch-Staunton, H. '26.
 MacDonald, N. D. '15 '16 '19.
 MacDonald, Wm. A. '27.
 MacDougall, Wm. R. '21.
 MacGillivray, R. B. '20.
 MacLean, M. MacK. '16.
 MacLean, R. R. '27.
 MacMillan, Miss F. E. '28.
 MacVicar, J. '16.
 McArthur, H. '21.
 McBrine, A. R. '22 '24.
 McCabe, J. O. '22.
 McDonald, Miss I. T. '18.
 McFarland, Miss C. N. '20.
 McGookin, J. Y. '21 '22 '24.
 McIntyre, Mrs. R. (nee Sybil Sprung) '21.
 McKay, H. D. '24.
 McKenna, Francis '18.
 McKenzie, C. H. '27.
 McRae, D. M. '24.
 Martin, J. N. '20.
 Martin, R. M. '16.
 Matthews, Mrs. M. E. '27.
 Matson, P. F. '24.
 Menzies, E. '18.
 Miller, G. M. '26.
 Moffat, Miss F. '24.
 Moore, Miss M. B. '14.
 Morrow, R. J. '25.
 Muir, C. K. '23 '25.
 Mulholland, Miss E. '23.
 Munro, Miss M. '26.
 Murray, Sr. M. A. '23.
 Noble, G. D. '22.
 Osterland, C. D. '26.
 Paton, T. '20.
 Pearson, W. C. '24.
 Peterson, E. N. '27 '28.
 Philp, D. F. '22.
 Philpotts, D. M. '28.
 Poaps, Wm. B. '16.
 Pollock, Carl, '28.
 Read, H. E. '14.
 Richert, C. H. '25.
 Robinson, H. '17.
 Robison, S. C. '23.
 Ruddy, C. E. '24.
 Rudolph, Miss M. N. '27.
 Russell, J. '22.
 Sangster, Miss L. J. '26.
 Shankman, H. '23.
 Shaver, Miss A. '25.
 Simenstin, Miss G. '27.
 Simpson, W. E. '18.
 Smith, G. E. '26.
 Smith, Miss M. '15.
 Smithers, G. T. '21.
 Soltau, W. G. '20.
 Stafford, Miss D. '22.
 Stanford, Miss M. '24.
 Steeves, Miss H. D. '24.
 Stock, S. W. '24.
 Stoner, R. R. '25.
 Swanson, Miss Alice (now married) '22.
 Sweeney, J. M. '28.
 Symes, W. E. '24.
 Telfer, D. '14 '15 '16.
 Thompson, E. J. '26 '28.
 Thompson, N. G. '25.
 Thompson, Wm. '21.
 Trainor, G. '14.
 Trimble, Miss G. '21.
 Tuck, Mervyn, A. '24.
 Turner, W. O. '24.
 Valiquette, J. A. '17.
 Van Buren, Miss H. '23.
 Varnum, A. C. '22.
 Verchomin, J. '27.
 Watchorn, H. J. '24.
 Watsyk, John '26.
 Way, Vernon '25.
 White, A. E. '16.
 White, J. G. '12.
 Whitman, F. P. '23.
 Willis, E. F. '22.
 Wilson, Mrs. Orville (nee Jean McIntosh) '21.
 Woods, Miss M. K. '28.
 Wright, G. E. K. '27.
 Wrinch, L. B. '22.

WRITE NOW!

CALGARY NOTES

Hello, everybody! Despite the last cold snap we are still very much alive in Calgary. D. P. MacDonald is our president this year, and he manages to keep everybody and everything moving.

We had the pleasure of hearing and meeting Dr. Wallace at our meeting in December. Mr. Ottewell also spoke for a few minutes. Two days after Christmas, Thursday, December the twenty-seventh, to be exact, we had our Christmas ball at the Palliser. As always, it was a great

success both socially and financially.

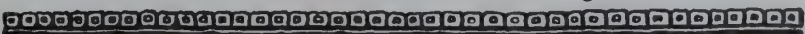
On February, the sixth, Mr. C. A. Hayden, of the Calgary Herald, spoke to us on a very interesting subject—"Fish and Game of Alberta." For our next meeting, March, we plan on a bridge party. This is rather a departure for us, but everyone seems very much in favor. If you happen to be in Calgary come in and have a game or two. We promise a warm welcome to all U. of A. graduates and their friends.

HELEN ARMSTRONG,
Secretary, Calgary Branch.

*Save the valuable
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Mild and Fragrant



CAMPUS CHATTER

Last fall saw the unveiling by President Wallace of the long-talked-of permanent Honour Roll, containing the names of all faculty members, staff members, ex-students and students who served in the Great War. This has been painted on the walls of the entrance hall to Convocation, and is a simple and beautiful piece of work worthy of its object. It is a noble memorial of which the University is proud.

* * *

One of the most popular scholarship selections was announced during the Christmas holidays—that of Matt Halton for the I.O.D.E. Scholarship. Matt has everything a good I.O.D.E. Scholar should have, and he has particularly distinguished himself as a student and as Editor-in-Chief of "The Gateway" this session. The University of London will be his stamping ground for 1929-30.

* * *

The Inter-Year Play Competition in December went off with the customary enthusiasm, and, in the opinion of many who are conversant with the subject, the acting as a whole was better than it has been for several years. The Seniors won the shield with an impressive performance of "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall, a melo-tragic story of a man about to be executed for murder. Al Borrowman gave a superb performance as the murderer.

* * *

The Dramat is now busily preparing for the Spring Play, which will be presented March 7 and 8 in Convocation Hall. A delightful modern comedy by Frederic Lonsdale, entitled "Aren't We All," has been selected, with a cast which might not incorrectly be termed "all-star," since eight of the twelve players have previously taken leads in various University productions. The Dramat is expecting a large attendance as the response to its efforts and, if a sufficient surplus is made, the organization next year will carry out the years-old dream of the Varsity dramatic clan—to present a Shakespearean drama.

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GENUINE
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The Debating Society has also been enjoying an interesting year. The Debating Forums, or Parliamentary Debates, or what have you, have grown and prospered exceedingly, the average attendance being about fifty. Negotiations by the National Federation of Canadian University Students resulted in the world-touring team of the University of Sydney, Australia, being brought through Western Canada. Over eight hundred people turned out to hear them uphold the affirmative of "That Scientists Should Take a Ten Years' Holiday," with the brethren Mackenzie—Ken and Don—ably supporting the negative for the U. of A.

* * *

A week after the Australian debate the annual Inter-Varsity debates for the McGown Cup were held at the four western universities. Alberta was represented by Jack Hopkins and Eric Gibbs, abroad by Herb Surplis and Max Wershof. At each of the four universities the visiting team was successful, but Manitoba garnered in more judges' votes than any other com-

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petitor—hence the McGoun Cup will move from Saskatoon to Winnipeg for 1929.

* * *

Under the auspices of the National Federation also, a Western Canadian Debating team is now touring Eastern Canada. The leader of the team is Nelson Chappel (Alta. '28), and to date he and his colleagues from B.C. and Saskatchewan have debated and won at Regina, Winnipeg and Toronto.

* * *

The Wilson banner went up another notch last fall when Anna followed in the footsteps of her illustrious brother Ernie by becoming President of the Students' Union, the second woman student to occupy that post since the Union was organized. Anna was elected to the Vice-Presidency last spring and moved into the Presidential chair when its incumbent resigned.

The aforementioned Mlle. Wilson journeyed to Kingston at Christmas to attend the annual convention of the N.F.C.U.S. (see one of previous paragraphs for full name), which was held this year at Queen's University. Alberta was indirectly represented, in addition, by Percy Davies ('24, '26), who was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Federation.

* * *

Ye olde fratte problemme is again to the fore, and the Committee on Student Affairs is at present seriously considering taking steps to remove the ban on secret societies. Should this be done, the fraternities which would result would, of course, be subject to regulation by University and student authorities.

MAX WERSHOF.

Births and Marriages

BIRTHS

HUSKINS — At Wimbledon, London, on December 13, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Leonard Huskins, a daughter, Shelia Vincot.

HENRY — At Bentley, on October 4, 1928, to Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Henry, Arts '21, M.D. '22, a daughter, Blanche Isobel.

EGBERT — At Calgary, on December 21, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Egbert (Mr. Egbert, LL.B., '17) a son.

VAN ALLAN — At Edmonton, on January 5th, 1929, to Mr. and Mrs. Van Allan, a son, Eric William.

BAYCROFT — At Stettler, Alta., on October 9th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Baycroft, (Mr. Baycroft B.Sc., '28) a son, Kenneth Jack.

CAMPBELL — At Victoria, on November 26th, 1928, to Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Campbell, a daughter, Margery Jone.

DARLING — At Edmonton on January 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. Darling (nee Audrey Malcolmson, '21) a son, Larry.

HOLMES—At Saskatoon on February 11th, to Mr. ('27) and Mrs. C. R. M. Holmes (nee Dorothy Richards '23) a son, Alexander MacDonald.

THURLOW—On December 20, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Thurlow (nee Jean McKittrick, '25), of Edson, a son, James McKittrick.

MARRIAGES

DEANE — MANNING — At Calgary on Dec. 29th, 1928, Madge '26, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Dean, of Calgary, to Albert,

son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Manning, of Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Manning have made their home in Vancouver.

ARCHIBALD—LOURIE — At New York, early in November, 1928, Miss Margaret Archibald '22, to Dr. Robert Lourie. Dr. and Mrs. Lourie have made their home at 135 E. 50th St., New York City.

POLLOCK—ROBERTS — At Hamilton, Ont., on December 25, 1928, Ione Shirley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roberts, of Ponoka, Alberta, to Carl Pollock, '28. Mr. and Mrs. Pollock will make their home in Hamilton.

WALKER—HEGLER — At Vancouver on December 31, 1928, Esther, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Hegler, of Vancouver (formerly of Edmonton) to Lynwood Walker, '25, son of Mrs. F. Walker, of Cayley. Mr. and Mrs. Walker will reside in Edmonton.

O'DONNELL—MACPHERSON — At Regina, on December 20, 1928, Elizabeth MacPherson, to Cyril O'Donnell, of Edmonton. Professor and Mrs. O'Donnell will make their home in Chicago.

CHISWELL—CAIN—At Edmonton on February 25th, Pauline Ulva, '22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cain of Mannville, to Archibald Burton Chiswell, of Lacombe. Mr. and Mrs. Chiswell will make their home at Lacombe.

MAWDSLEY — CLEUGH — At Edmonton, on February 12th, 1929, Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Cleugh, to Robert Watson, '25, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mawdsley of Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Mawdsley will reside on their farm near Cereal, Alberta.

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